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BOOK REVIEW DEPARTMENT

out any halo. Her adventures in the Tennessee mountains are of the sort to inspire a hearty handshake instead of sentimental admiration. She tries, and usually succeeds, in being cheerful, but she does not exude sweetness like an over-ripe peach. She is brave, with the sort of courage that grits teeth and makes activity imperative. She is a plain every-day girl who meets a good proportion of hard luck. She meets it bravely just as do thousands of other girls to-day. She renounces happiness, but is not happy nor resigned in doing so, yet she sticks to what she thinks is right. It is a hard fight and she is often rebellious. It takes plain "grit" to stick to her resolution.

This is not a story to invoke the army of sweet and sticky adjectives such as "charming," "clean," "delightful" and their ilk. The same sort of red blood flows in Nancy's veins as flows in Jack London's heroes—only her adventures are internal rather than external. Left an orphan she is "passed on" from one relative to another in a way to make most girls full of self-pity. She keeps her eyes fixed on the funny side of things, and when she gives up the man she loves so as not to interfere with his career, she is so afraid of being weak that in order to cover her real feelings she flies into quite a little passion.

Her good friend the Bishop, her aunt, Mrs. Chubb, and the mountain people are simply and excellently done. The book is full of sentiment but with no hint of sentimentality. It is the kind of story that makes the reader feel strong in a rampant sort of way, and does not cater to tears or morbidity. It is a girl's fight against unhappiness. It is a brave fight, but not a spectacular one. Nancy is an inspiration to all who read about her.

The author has done a fine thing in giving us a heroine who tries to be happy without hysterics or sentimentality—one whom we can respect because of her quiet self-control and practical efforts to make the best of life. Nancy is not a professional joy-maker—she is a practical example, good to follow, and we commend her to all people suffering from self-pity or any sort of egotistical disorder.

FULL SWING, by Frank Danby. (J. B. Lippincott Company.)

FOR those who can see, "Full Swing" is a tragedy, although not cast in that form. The chief character, Agatha Wanstead, has the disastrous faculty of always doing what turns out to be wrong, although meaning to do what is right. Throughout all of her mistakes from the time, when, as a child she opened the greenhouse door and let in the cold fresh air, so

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ETHEL S. BERGEY

good for little girls but so bad for orchids, up to her death bed when she attempted to poison her grandchild because she thought it stood in the way of her son's happiness, she never was able to profit by experience, nor to learn that her judgment might be wrong.

She ruled family and friends with a high hand, never permitting them to do anything except what she thought best. And herself she tortured most of all by refusing the good things that life held out, and choosing all those which made her unhappy. She starved her love, hid her natural passions, and failed to understand both her own nature and the natures of those about her. A most exasperating person to read about or to know, surely, but very true to life and very tragic when one considers her sincerity and deep desire to do right by everyone. Who does not know some living person who always takes the wrong turn in the road?

Left an orphan with a baby step-sister, she refuses to marry the good man who loves her because through mistaken conscientiousness she believes that she must devote her life to the baby. She suffers, Andrew suffers, and later on through mistaken solicitude she ruins the happiness of the sister. Then she takes a fresh start by marrying a dissolute Irish nobleman and having a son of her own. Again unhappiness to everyone and injustice to her boy. Later we find her sister's little daughter and her own son falling in love, but a new series of obstinate mistakes brings real tragedy, and only at her death do affairs become straightened out so that her son and her step-daughter may be happy.

The book abounds in events of interest, and the plot is lively and complicated, yet the real merit lies in the character drawing. Agatha, Andrew, the son, Biddy, all the unimportant as well as the important characters are excellently portrayed.

THE GREEN SEAL, by Charles Edmond Walk
(A. C. McClurg and Company.)

A YOUNG man inherits a mysterious ring and has a wonderful diamond thrust upon him. He achieves—not greatness—but a charming stenographer who is mixed up in all these complications. The root of all this trouble lies in faraway Thibet, in a sort of religious sect. It is very puzzling, very exciting, very unexpected and thoroughly readable. Chinamen, detectives, opium smugglers, convicts, beauty doctors appear and disappear with lightening rapidity. The reader is taken on breathless, night automobile rides; is led along one clew after another, each of which seems to be the right one, only to have it exploded by some new